

WHOLE NUMBER 6,735.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Hon. Thomas T. Carr.

Two immense shoes such as are worn by the draft horses in England, were

Poetry.

Just as We Used to Do.

If you to me be cold,
Or I be false to you,
The world will go on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
The clouds will rise with the moon,
The sun will kiss the sea,
The wind will to the trees will whisper,
And laugh at you and me,
But the sun will not shine so bright,
The clouds will not seem so white,
To you as they will to two;
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
And let the world go on,
Just as it used to do.

If the whole of a page be read,
If a book be finished through,
Still the world will go on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
For other lovers will come,
The pages we have passed
And the treacherous gold of the binding
Will glitter into the past.
But life has a lovely look,
And one may not read the book—
It opens only to two.
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
And let the world go on,
Just as it used to do.

If we have called together
Piled out of each other's view,
The world will go on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
And may we not see stars
That flash from different skies,
And another of love's pirates
May capture my lost prize.
But long time has not passed,
Can better the temperate weather
Than my other two?
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
And let the world go on,
Just as it used to do.

The Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts that they could not
speak,
As each heart uttered a sigh.

For each and each of these three
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting-room's wall,
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of rush and their frames of wood,
E. With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silver head,
And with trembling lips he gently said:
"Mother, those empty chairs,
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night,
Why do they sit forever out of sight
In the small room upstairs?"

But she answered: "Father, no, not yet,
For I look at them, and I forgive,
That the children went away;
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron of red and blue,
And all here every day."

"So let them stand, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to use the chairs above,
In our Father's house of rest and love,
Where no child grieve again."—[Selected.]

"The fairest of all things blossom and grow,
Sweet as the summer sun pure as the snow,
As the lily that rises,
Like the glad Easter bells,
Once more the sweet story which all hearts
should know."

Selected Tale.

NANCY.

PART I.

The July sun beat mercilessly upon the rocky summit of Old Foggy as two solitary travelers mounted the dusty, yellow road on the two sides of the hill, each looking up and urging his sweating horse to the shade of a wild cherry tree upon the summit. The one from the eastern side reached the summit and galloped to the shade just as the other equestrian reached the level space and turned toward the tree. The two riders glanced at each other carelessly, then with a look of surprised recognition.

"John Jordan! sure as death! Why! hello, old fellow!" and the other responded to the hearty handclasp with, "Can it possibly be you, Hayward?"

"I believe so; sort of revised edition of me, leather-bound, without any silver clasps." The two young men slipped from their horses and sat down upon the parched grass under the tree, fanning their flushed faces with their straw hats.

"Well, Jordan, what in the name of all that's holy are you doing on the top of this God-forsaken hill? Running for the sheep?"

"No. My business here is probably as legitimate as any that brings you to the same place. I have finished my course at the Theological Seminary and have been appointed to this circuit since I left college. I am going to one of my churches now where I hold services tomorrow."

"Oh, shades of the mighty! how are we fallen from our ideals! I am staking out an air line for a branch road to the river. Be some cutting through the hills, and there's an element on horse back that's worth a look. That's the name, isn't it?—and I am going down to spend the Sabbath with them. Am getting hungry? We couldn't find a boarding-house in these virgin forests and have had to camp. We were all cooks, but for various reasons we've lived chiefly on bacon and watermelon, and I pine for a change—the flesh-pots, you know, and things that are made with ice. Being a clergyman you probably pick a chicken-wing occasionally, but here's a new element, an element of barbarism. Well, how goes your preaching, old boy? how is your crop doing, if that's what you call it? Your souls, I mean; do they thrive under your farming?"

A pained expression crossed Jordan's sensitive face. He hesitated. Hayward saw it and bit his under lip with annoyance. He was continually reproaching himself for wounding Jordan in his old college days.

"No, Tom, to be frank, I am somewhat discouraged over my work. I don't seem to get at my people. I am trying to study them as I never studied Homer and Quintilian in the old times, and I feel sure that when I put myself fully in sympathy with them I can influence them greatly. They need it. You cannot imagine what a field there is before me here, if I am only worthy to fill it."

Hayward glanced at his friend as kindly as he might have done at a hurt child.

"Old fellow," he said cautiously, "you're mistaken. You'd laugh at anybody who would come down here and buy a hundred acres of this land for a farm and try to cultivate it; look at these hemlocks, and the blackberry bushes trying to find a hold for their roots; look at that patch of stunted corn over there, and those bony crabs growing through the soil. You can't grow souls on such soil. They're not here; no wonder you're wearing your self out trying. Give it up and come into a little better region."

Jordan looked over the wide view spread before him and the pained look returned. "Soul is not a product of the soil, Tom. You always were advancing some strange idea. Of course, the difficulty of living there, the poverty and isolation, make the people less intelligent, but they are immortal just the same." Hayward smiled. "John Jordan," he explained, "tell me honestly, in all the time that you've been a minister, has there been one soul?"

"In the intellect, ministerial sense that you mean, there is not—

that is, I cannot now recall one!"

"So I thought. Now, if you will excuse me for mentioning it, one of my chinchmen is going home, and you will do more good to society, yourself and the Lord if you will take his place and help us build a railroad that will open up the country and cultivate souls a thousand times faster than the present way. Now, my dear boy, you are pointing away at a flint hill, and when you are worn out you will have only pieces of flint for your labor."

A sickening sensation of dread and doubt crept over Jordan. He rose and caught his horse. "Come down to my room with me and stop for dinner, then go down to the Fork in the cool of the evening, Hayward, I want to ask you about the fellows and a hundred things. You're the first one I've seen since our Commencement day."

Hayward assented, and they commenced the precipitous descent of the hill. Both horses went down with slow caution until they reached the foot, and then broke into a gallop in the soft dust. Their feet were almost noiseless, and as they rounded a huge boulder that made a sharp curve in the road, a kneeling figure seemed to them to rise from under the horse's feet and turn a frightened face to them—so suddenly were they upon her. Jordan drew up his slack bridle, but too late, for the horse's knee and struck the girl, and she fell heavily forward, rolling into the deep dust of the road. With an exclamation of horror Jordan flung himself from his horse and followed her. Hayward was scarcely behind him. Together they lifted the senseless form and carried it to the shade of the roadside.

"Her head struck that stone and she's stunned," said Hayward, soothingly noting the anguish of his friend's face.

"No, no; she is killed. I have killed her. Oh, my God! Why have I lived to take the life of a fellow creature? I am a murderer. There, dash the water in her face. Nancy, don't you know me? Nancy, open your eyes!"

But the eyes were fast closed and the form was limp and still. With trembling hands Jordan knelt by her side, bathing her face with water that Hayward had brought from the spring near by, while Hayward, doing what he could, looked at them with a compassionate face.

"She certainly cannot be seriously hurt, John; such a little fall. It wasn't your fault, anyhow. Don't mind it, old fellow; she is some poor creature whose life was hardly worth living at the best; poor and ignorant and dull. Even if she is dead, and I'm sure she isn't, death is no such a damn thing. But Jordan's face was deathly pale; a cold perspiration had started upon his forehead and his lips quivered pitiously. It had never, in his pastorate, yet been required of him to stand at the gate of death and usher the parting soul into the solemn mystery; he had but once stood at the coffin-head and spoken to the stricken mourners. Now before his eyes lay the silent form of the member from which he had hoped the most, stricken down, as he felt in his mortal sensitiveness, by his own hand in criminal carelessness. "Hayward," he said, with a low, unsteady voice, "how shall I take her to her mother? She is my hostess at this charge, the only daughter. Oh, Nancy, don't you hear me?"

Hayward had made a bandage of his handkerchief, and was binding the bleeding cut upon the side of her head a little back of the temple, smoothing away the tawny hair, while Jordan had not ceased to bathe her face and chest with water from the spring near by. A convulsive movement of the brows hands and a sudden parting of the lips. Hayward exclaimed a subdued trill. "See there, I told you!" but Jordan shook his head. "It is only muscular; she does not breathe."

PART II.

The sun seemed to rise more slowly than usual over the Round Top and Old Foggy and Mount Moriah that still, like Delos, morning. They instead of darting long gleams of radiance into the recesses of Red Cliff and Rattlesnake Valley and the Raven Rocks, and lighting the steep slopes of the hills into a blaze of splendid color, it hung a great blood-red ball in the purple vapor over Old Foggy.

A girl, carrying a pail of water up a steep hillside road, paused to rest upon a stone at the roadside and saw herself with a sudden start. A handsome young man and a girl with a silver gray mane and tail, drew rein to ask:

"Can you tell me, my girl, the shortest way to the Raven Rocks?"

She told him in the vernacular of the hill, and with much redundancy, and he deduced: "Then I follow this road and then, up until I take a trail through the woods to the left, on the farther side of the next hill?"

"Yes, that's the way—ah," drawled the girl.

"And how far is it?"

"Between six and seven miles, lit's about five miles."

Hayward dropped his bridle to put his right hand into his pocket—and the mare, taking advantage of the liberty, stepped forward and plunged her nose into the pail of water.

"Hello!" cried her master, refully jerking her back. If you will wait till we get to the springs you shall have some water, Jett. Here, my girl, and he threw her a silver coin, and she turned and galloped and turned a pale face with scintillating cheeks and flashing gray eyes to him.

"What's that for, mister?" she said, angrily.

"For your trouble and kindness, and the mischief my horse has done," replied the man, watching her curiously.

"That ain't worth no dollar, and talk and water is both cheap in these yer hills," and she put it into his loose side pocket, finding that his hand would not receive it.

"Then I shall bring you another pail of water, for you look sick, and it is a long hill." So saying, he dismounted and took up the pail, dashing the water down the dusty road and scrambled down the hill. As he rounded the curve by the boulder a sudden memory flashed into his face. "I thought she looked familiar, but she has changed so much," he said. "Well, I am glad for John's sake. But I thought she was gone that day sure, especially after she had revived, and the blundering doctor gave her that dose. It was a wonder."

Returning, he found that she had followed him to take the pail. She was looking at the spot where she was picking up her spilled blackberries on that July morning when the riders came down the hill.

"Do you know if Jordan went over to the Raven Rocks this morning?" he asked, giving her the pail at the top of the hill.

"Yes, he's powerful set up over them bird tracks an' leaves an' sich in the rocks. He's wrote to a heap of folks that he knows to come an' see 'em an' make pictures of 'em, but I dunno what there is."

"Thank you. I am going over myself to see them. He considers them a valuable discovery. Good morning!" And lifting his hat to her he rode gayly on.

The girl stood looking after him, the color going from her face again. "He thinks I dunno him," she uttered, as she picked up her pail and went on, printing her bare feet in the dust.

The sun rose high in the soft purple haze, and the hills were clothed in a warm, golden glow. The air was still and sweet, and the birds were singing in the trees. The road was straight and wide, and the hemlocks were tall and straight, like sentinels on guard.

Jordan and Hayward were sitting in the dark recess of the Raven Rocks. They had examined critically the rich discovery of geographical history, but their scientific interest being satisfied they were drifting into another channel of talk. The last three months had passed a turning-point in the life of each.

It had impressed Jordan with a deep enthusiasm for his work—perhaps a modernized type of the martyr spirit which has led in all ages to self-immolation upon sacrificial altars. The great throbbing world held nothing now which could lure him from his rocky hills. And in the silent majesty of the great eternal rocks Hayward was touched by the sublimity of the day and place until he told his story with brief pathos to his friend.

"It is a lie to say I am not hurt and don't care, for I do care, and it hurts me. You see, the first time in my life that I have been well enough fixed in the world to think of such a thing, and I was in dead earnest, and I know it from the first. She couldn't help knowing. You wouldn't believe that a girl with an angel's face and the simplicity of a child could be so full of vanity and treachery as to make a jest of a man's highest feelings. She is as heartless as stone; she has no conception of feeling. I don't mean—Why, what on earth?"

Both sprang simultaneously to their feet. In the doorway of the room, the veiled sunlight turned her hair to gold, showed a little girlish figure with torn dress and bare, bleeding feet.

"Oh, Brother Jordan, an' you other feller, you must run for yer lives, the hill is afire an' it's comin' round this way like the wind. Shore it is," she cried indignantly. "Come to the ledge here and you kin see for yerselves the rocks a' out off. You must go down the rocks!"

They were incredulous, but both had sufficient faith in the girl's better knowledge of the hills to believe her against appearances. They scrambled down the ledge to where their horses were tied, panting and trembling and pawing the dried grass. They could not see far around their own hill, but over a high boulder burst a view of the wall of lurid red and yellow flames, rising in straight, slender columns till a current of upper air carried them overhead in drifts of pale, vapory smoke. The red glow from the flames, faces. In three minutes the sun was hidden; the hill was swathed in a regular roar of fiery grandeur. The heat was growing intense; the smell of the blaze and its ominous roar was upon them. The weird, awful beauty of the scene held the young men spell-bound for a second, then they turned to their horses.

"Put your coats over their heads—tie them by the sleeves," she screamed above the crackle and roar of the rushing flames. "Go down the gully—it's the only way. I'm afraid the horses can't make it. Run—run—for God's sake, hurry! The red glow from the flames, faces. In three minutes the sun was hidden; the hill was swathed in a regular roar of fiery grandeur. The heat was growing intense; the smell of the blaze and its ominous roar was upon them. The weird, awful beauty of the scene held the young men spell-bound for a second, then they turned to their horses.

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A PAIR.



He stood
in the field
one morning,
away
from the
broad high
road," said
he came in
search of daisies for a *bouquet a la mode*.
He had promised a youthful maiden to
gather them sweet and full, and per-
chance he might have done so except
for a farmer's bull, which suddenly
came upon him while he warbled a
"lovelorn lay, and without so much as a
single thought he made for the broad
highway: he did his best as a runner.

and jumped with a quicker'd sense, but in spite of speed or agility, he was hoisted over the fence. He was torn by briar and bramble, he was lamed and bruised and sprained; then St. Jacobs Oil was well rubbed on, and his former self regained. He then made a ready plea, "And so to after a rainy day, She heard the joke and simply said, "You're daisy enough for me." And so they all say of this celebrated remedy when it cures pains and bruises. "Beaver, Beaver country, Pa., Oct. 29, 1886.—Seven years ago I fell from a wagon and sprained my right wrist. I tried all the best remedies without success, and then finally tried St. Jacobs Oil. I enjoyed good rest, the first in three nights, and it cured me. C. C. Atkins." "Worcester, Mass., 15 Hawley St., June 8, 1887.—Sprained my ankle and was unable to move without crutches. Used two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, and was cured."—

cure. No return of pain. C. W. Briggs.
"Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 5, 1887.—Ten
years ago sprained my ankle and could
not walk for ten weeks. Sprained it
three times since. Last time tried Ss.
Jacobs Oil, and it not only cured it but
strengthened it. The ankle is just as
strong now as the other, and have had
no trouble since. Otto L. Kehrweider,
109 Queen St., Germantown." "Corydon,
Ind., June, 1887.—Had my collar-bone
broken, and it was very painful. I
applied St. Jacobs Oil and it got entirely
well. I used two bottles—only remedy
used—it worked like a charm. No re-
turn of pain. Levi Hottel."

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—AND—

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At lower prices than ever sold for before.

30 Horses,
Of all kinds and prices.

75 Carriages,
New and second-hand.

40 Harnesses,
For little money.

Having more stock than I wish to winter, I
will make prices so low that anyone can buy.

BUGGIES,

\$35, \$40, \$50, \$55, \$60, \$80, \$100,

CARRYALLS AND CANOPY-TOPS,
\$50, \$75, \$100, \$125, \$150, \$200 each.

Carts,
\$50, \$75, \$100, \$125, \$150 each.

HARNESSES,
\$5, \$7, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$15, \$20, \$25,
\$30 each.

Hay, Straw and Grain taken in Ex-

change at Market Value.
 These goods must be sold, for I
 want the room.
 Call and see me at
LAWTON'S, cor. Touro and

Spring streets.

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OF

Lopez Wharf Lumber Yard.

THE UNDERSIGNED having purchased the stock of Lumber and Building Materials belonging to the estate of the late James B Finch, hereby gives notice that he will continue the

Lumber Business

on Lopez wharf, lately occupied by Mr. Finch, and will be glad to receive the same generous consideration and patronage which the public has accorded to him at the old business stand.

ALEX. N. BARKER.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 1, 1867. If

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RUSSIAN

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Conservative investors will find much reason for the great strength of the guaranteed securities of this old reliable company these facts: Over thirty years' experience of its managers; record of management tested by every possible liability to occur; stronger financial condition to-day than before in its history; its paid-up capital, \$1,000,000, surplus \$400,000; double liability to stockholders, the list of references to England and Philadelphia, all investors includes exceeding 40 Savings Banks, 25 Charitable Institutions, 40 Colleges and Educational Institutions, 25 Churches, 25 Societies, 20 Insurance Companies.

als. Not an investor has ever lost principal interest. Coupons on every mortgage. Loans from £50 to £5000. A long experience warrants us in recommending these investments. Office over Bank of Rhode Island, corner Thames street and Commercial wharf, and residence 35 Kay street.

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MERCHANTS' BANK.

THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES heretofore represented in Newport by Mr. Job Langley, deceased, having been transferred to me, policies and renewals in the same will be written at this office, where transfers and endorsements can be made:—

Phoenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn.
Queen Ins. Co. of London.
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester.
Scottish Union & National of Edinburgh and London.
Northern Assurance Co., of London.

| | |
|--|------------|
| Niagara Ins. Co. of N. Y. | \$2,096.00 |
| American Ins. Co. of Philadelphia | 1,301.81 |
| Fire Association of Philadelphia | 4,239.65 |
| Phoenix Ins. Co. of Hartford | 1,400.99 |
| Commercial Union Ins. Co. of London | 8,177.00 |
| Germanian Ins. Co. | 1,850.15 |
| Providence Washington Ins. Co. of Providence | 960.40 |
| British American Ins. Co. of Toronto | 809.42 |
| Phenix Assurance Co. of Dublin | 1,000.00 |
| Queen Ins. Co. of London | 1,475.65 |
| Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester | 6,498.16 |
| Scottish Union & Nat'l Ins. Co. of Edinburgh | 5,333.00 |
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THE **TRUST COMPANY** is by law empowered to act as **Executor**, **Administrator**, **Guardian** or **Receiver**, in the settlement of estates, and **Probate Courts** are authorized to appoint it in these capacities.
Executors, **Administrators**, **Receivers**, and those deposit their funds with the Company, are exempted by law from all personal responsibility, and are secured by **Amos C. Bestow**, **Zachariah**

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 omon I. Gammell, William Binney, William E.
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 Large farm near Hanging Rocks, overlooking Second beach and East River; buildings in good order; excellent location for a stock farm.

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 Land at Easton's Point and vicinity.
 A boarding house on Annandale Road.
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ABOUT 67 ACRES OF LAND, situate in the rear of the premises now occupied by H. Morrison, Esq., on Aquidneck Avenue, and running through to Hills Road, with a good house and cattle barn; some of the land is drained, and the farm in very fair condition.

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Windmill, story and a half house, half an
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A part of the purchase money may remain
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For the Season.
A Large Stock to Se-
lect from.
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Good Notes Which Will Be

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Carryalls.

Set low to the ground and extra lined.

Warranted in every way.

6 New Phaeton Top

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1 Very Nice Light Vic-

toria.

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1 Double Straw Seat

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Double Carriage.

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dren's Carriage.

Will carry six children and can use

a very small horse. The carriage is

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Also several other carriages which I

will sell cheap. Anyone in want

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Nutritive Wine of Coca

Contains Coca, Extract Beef, finest Malaga Wine—a nerve tonic and stimulant recommended for

MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, &c.

Prescribed by leading physicians.

RUM AND QUININE

FOR THE HAIR

Prevents the Hair from Falling, Cleansing and Invigorating the Scalp, Tonics and Stimulating to the Growth of the Hair, Cools the Head, and is a Dressing, Soft and Brilliant in Effect.

—PREPARED BY—

CASWELL, MASSEY & CO.

Family and Dispensing Chemists.

Gum Camphor

For packing away your Furs and Woolen Goods.

COLE'S PHARMACY,

302 THAMES ST.

JUST NORTH OF POST OFFICE.

Jas. T. Wright, Ph. G.

REGISTERED PHARMACIST.

SUCCESSOR TO

W. S. N. ALLAN.

All kinds of

Drugs, Medicines,

Chemicals and

Fancy Goods.

Particular attention paid to Physicians' prescriptions.

WITCH-HAZEL-TAR

SUPPOSITORIES,

A Sure and Reliable Remedy for Piles. Price, 50 cents per box. Sent to any address on receipt of Price and five cents in stamps for postage. Manufactured only by Anglo-American Suppository Co., Office 104 Thames Street, Newport, R. I. P. O. Box 495.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

GENTLEMEN.

SMOKING SETS,

CIGAR CASES,

MEERSCHAUM PIPES,

CIGAR TUBES,

SMALL BOXES OF

HAVANA AND DOMESTIC

Cigars,

Suitable for presents. Call and examine.

J. D. Richardson & Co.

306 Thames Street.

Opp. Post Office.

AGENTS WANTED—We wish to establish

an agency in your town for an article

that sells well, fast and shown. You

will want one for yourself, your own people

will want one, anyone you show it to will want

one. We should like a dealer or a good

representative agent, who would give attention to this

specimen. Sells easily in stores, at fairs, or by

conveyance. Hardly any capital needed; good

profits. You never handled a better thing, and

you never will. Cut this out and send with stamp

for particulars and illus. point. No stamp,

no attention. Write your address plainly,

mentioning paper. R. L. GOLDMAN, Mfg. Co.,

Fitchburg, Mass.

WANTED—LADIES for our Fall and

Christmas Trade, to take light, pleasant

work at their own homes. \$1 to \$3 per day can

be quickly made. Work sent by mail or

house. Particulars free. No canvassing.

Address at once, CRESCENT ART CO., 147

Milk street, Boston, Mass. Box 5170

SEND THREE 2-CENT STAMPS for two handsome sets of Cards

COLUMBIA PHARMACY LABORATORY

Box 260, Philadelphia, Pa.

A NEW LINE OF

CARPETS

—AT—

M. Cottrell's.

NEW STYLES IN

Chamber Furniture!

NEW LINE OF

PAPER HANGINGS.

Furniture of all Descriptions,

Carpets, Oil Cloths and

Mattings.

M. COTTRELL,

COTTRELL BLOCK,

11-16 Next to the Post Office.

PATENTS

Obtained, and all other business in the U. S.

Patent Office attended to for MODERATE

FEES.

Our office in opposite the U. S. Patent Office,

and we can obtain patents in less time than

those remote from the Postmaster, the Sup't. of

Money Order Div. and to officials of U. S. Patent

Office. For circular, advice, terms and

references to actual cases in your own State

or County, write to:

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Medicine.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Two years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe the relief I have obtained from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 889 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price \$1: six bottles, \$5.

Send 2¢ Stamp for Four

Hoyt's German Cologne Book Marks.

RUBIOAM

TOOTH POWDER

KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE, BREATH SWEET

AND THE GUMS HEALTHY

CONTAINS NO GRIET, NO ACID

UNDER ANYTHING INJURIOUS.

DIRECTIONS:—

DIP THE BRUSH IN WATER, SPRINKLE ON A FEW

SCUPS OF RUBIOAM AND APPLY IN THE USUAL MANNER.

PRICE 25¢ A BOTTLE

E. W. HOYT & CO.

PROPRIETORS OF

HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE.

LOWELL, MASS.

WOOD'S

LADIES

GOLD

MEDAL

BLACKING

A HARMLESS SHOE DRESSING.

Gold Medal received for superiority over

all other shoe dressings at the Centennial

Exposition. Bottle contains double the quantity

water dressings. 25¢. Your Shoe Dealer has it.

BUY THE FAMOUS

WATCHDOG

WILL NEVER BREAK

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

SULPHUR BITTERS

THE GREAT

German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For the "Healthy" and "Sickly" Blood.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Do you suffer with

that tired and all-gone

feeling? If so, you need

SULPHUR BITTERS. It

will cure you.

Operative who are

dressed in the most

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Origins of Fables.

There is probably more of the poetry of tradition than truth of history in the following paragraphs from the Christian Union:

Dido, Queen of Tyre, about seven centuries before Christ, after her husband had been put to death by her brother, fled from that city and established a colony on the north coast of Africa. Having bargained with the natives for as much land as could be surrounded with a bull's hide, she cut the hide into narrow strips, tied them together, and claimed the land that could be surrounded with the hide thus made. She was allowed to have her way, and now, when we better know her story, we are said to "cut a deal."

A tailor of Samarcand, Asia, who lived on a street leading to the burying ground, kept near his shop an earthen pot, in which he was accustomed to deposit a public whenever a body was carried to its final resting place. Finally the tailor died; and sealing the shop deserted, a person inquired what had become of his former occupant. "He has come to rest himself," was the reply by one of the deceased's members.

During a battle between the Russians and Tartars a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a Tartar." "Bring him along," said the officer. "He won't let me," was the response. Investigation proved that the captive had the captor by the arm and would not allow him to move. So "Tartar," is applicable to one who has found an antagonist too powerful for him.

While lying on the gridiron over a slow fire, St. Lawrence—in whose honor the festival was built by Philip II—said to the Emperor, who was watching his sufferings: "Assasus est; jam versa est manduca?" which one translator, not quite literally, but appreciatively of the grim humor characterizing the original, rendered:

"This side enough is roasted. Then turn me, I pray, and eat: And see whether raw or roasted I be better."

Hence, "Done to a turn." Formerly in London, when a small dealer bought bread of the baker, for every dozen loaves purchased he was given an extra loaf as his profit, from which circumstances "a baker's dozen" signifies thirteen. Various origins have been assigned the phrase, but the above is the only one that is based on a sure foundation.

In a work, "Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe," published in 1815, the author, C. Minor, tells the story of a boy who, by the offer of liberal compensation, was induced to turn a grindstone for a man who desired to sharpen his axe. The promised compensation was never paid, and of one who disguises his own selfish aims under an appearance of generosity or disinterestedness it is remarked: "He has an ax to grind."

Modest Mr. Astor.

It is doubtful if a more unpretentious man could be found in town than William Waldorf Astor, the son of countless millions, the writer of books, maker of plays, and general politician, says the New York Sun. Not long since he wandered into Delmonico's for his daily lunch, and was met by the waiter, who once more, in his polite way, bowed, and dropped it all in subsequent speculation in oil. Mr. Deutch is at present under the weather financially. He has not made any money recently, and he says it with a degree of force, vigor, enthusiasm and profanity that leaves nothing to be desired but blue smoke. Mr. Deutch walked into the cafe of Delmonico's on the day in question, with his hands thrust into his pockets, a big cigar gripped in the corner of his mouth, and in his hat on the back of his head. He threw himself into a chair and began a noisy discussion with a friend half across the room, emphasizing his remarks by thumping the table noisily with his fist. He succeeded in about four seconds in permeating the entire establishment to such an extent that the old timers felt like stuffing cotton in their ears and praying for silence. Meanwhile, Mr. Astor sat quietly and unostentatiously drank and ate an obscure corner, drew a red covered book of science, printed in French, from his pocket, and fell to reading it with entire absorption. His broad and muscular shoulders were bent forward, and his massive and thoughtful face put on a look of perplexity as he followed the text. After a moment the waiter touched him politely on the shoulder, and the millionaire, realizing where he was, started, ordered what looked like an Irish stew, and probably was with another name. He ate it at intervals between his reading, drank tea for a beverage, paid his modest check, gave the waiter a modest fee, and quietly withdrew, while Mr. Billy Deutch continued to pound the tables, and air his opinions on horse races, oil, the stock market, gambling and kindred subjects.

Idleness in Youth.

Idleness in youth has ruined many men, blighted the prospects of thousands and made wrecks of men who would have otherwise rose to positions of honor and distinction. Upon this subject the Burleighs of Comptrell has the following timely article:

"Idleness in youth is just like drinking liquor—it forms a habit which grows until the victim becomes entirely at its mercy. The result of idleness finds young men at manhood's prime with no visible means of support, with no trade or profession and too often with no desire for anything that at least savors of manual labor. The bread and butter problem stares him in the face, and he resorts to any means left him to make ends meet. Some of these men of course fall into the regular channel of trade and become useful citizens. Others become useful vagabonds, loafing from place to place, no good to themselves or anybody else. Others fall to the lower walks of life and become thieves. These are some of the results of idleness in youth. We are very doubtful if any of the lower walks of life would find any followers, if children were engaged in healthy, profitable employment—not irksome, hard labor, but as it were a preparatory school for the real existence of manhood and womanhood which is sure to come in time. Parents who have nothing for their children to do but loaf on the streets and hear and use profane and vulgar language and participate in questionable sports from one week's end to another, are sure to reap a bitter harvest."

The County Postmaster's Right.

City Boarder—Any letters for me Mr. Dusenbury County Postmaster—Dusenbury, I've been so busy around the store I haven't had time to open the mail bag. City Boarder—But there is an important letter in that bag, and I insist upon having it at once. County Postmaster—Say, mister, I kinder reckon I'm a-runnin' this office; if I get time this afternoon I'll open the bag, 'n' if I find anything for you I'll save it. If I think of it, I'll pass you a United States Postmaster ain't got no right.

The household remedy for pain, itching or

inflammation of any kind, is Pond's Extract.

Be aware of imitations weak and sour.

A Victim Dead Four Months in India.

After a frugal breakfast, I engaged a bullock cart for the four miles and a half to the town or fort of old Bassee.

There are no springs to the typical bullock cart, and your best position is to sit flat on the bottom of the contrivance. If you have a tuft of hay for a cushion, that is clear gain. My two little bullocks started off in frisky style, and in an hour I was within the narrow and winding streets of the town which has grown up outside the old one, and yet must have had its beginning even during the existence of the original Bassee. The scenery from the station to Bassee proper is charming, and I thoroughly enjoyed it, notwithstanding the many and dislocating motions of the cart. Fields of rice and various other grain stretch out on either hand. Here and there was a pond, which was all radiant with the sacred lotus in full flower and fragrance. One of the most conspicuous objects of getting fairly into the village was a ruined church. Its walls and roof were entire, but it was in a wretched condition. Its windows were a curiosity, the first I had seen in India where the panes were of the pearl-oyster shell, cut thin, and about an inch and a half square. This was a Portuguese window. The labor of making great windows of such small pieces of shell, neatly cut and smoothly set, must have been enormous for one building. At least one-half the light is obstructed by the shell strata, and when one adds to this the wooden framing for the shells, there must have been a considerable addition to the semi-opaque. But then this is India, and it is always a study to keep out of the glare of the sun.

I soon left the town behind, and came upon a rising ground, getting winding road, through groves of mango and peepul trees. Off to the left stood the grim ruins of the old fort. I had now crossed the bridge, and so had passed upon the island of Bassee, which is about four miles long and two miles broad. This, nearly three centuries ago, was a very paradise of Portuguese enterprise and luxury on the one hand, and of Jesuit worldly wisdom on the other. Every way that sight and sound brought me face to face with some ruined cathedral. Now it was only the bare walls without ceiling or roof, and then I found myself walking over the marble slabs, with nearly effaced inscriptions, which covered the dust of Portuguese ecclesiastics and fidalgos. The dead underlay the entire nave and choir of the church. Some of the towers seemed at threatening angles, and yet in several cases it seemed safe enough to climb to the top of the wall and overlook this world scene of ruin. There were arches which rose in graceful curves from one side of the portal to the other. Yet at the keystones there was a depression in many instances which made it a part of wisdom not to linger directly in the neighborhood of any of them. Occasionally the central part of the wall had fallen outright, and left the jagged ends of the ruin on either hand.

Great pains had been taken to ornament the choir. Here was an elaborate sculpture, only fragments of which could be seen in scattered pediments and capitals, and bits of the carved stuffs themselves. Where the walls had been less disturbed by the ravages of war and the elements there still remained tablets in memory of ecclesiastical or civic officers whose lamp of life had gone out in the city of the dead. Portugal, which they left behind, but hoped in every case to see again and die beneath the Western sun.

Bishop Harst, in Harper's Magazine for October.

Some Learned Ladies.

An Italian woman of note, Elena Lucrezia Corn

Newport County News

MIDDLETOWN.

NOTICE TO RESIDENTS.—To facilitate the registration of voters, and in order to give better opportunity to register to persons living remotely from the Town Clerk's Office, the Town Clerk will be at the school-house of District Number 5, the Peabody District, on the evening of Tuesday, the 20th instant, at the school-house of District Number 4, the Paradise District, on the evening of Wednesday, the 21st instant, and at the Town Hall on the evening of Friday, the 23d instant. There are quite a large number of persons eligible to vote by registration in the town, only about half of which ordinarily register, and of whom a smaller proportion than usual have thus far registered for the political year 1888.

Mrs. E. S. Burlingame of Providence, will speak on "Prohibition in R. I." in the M. E. Church, Middletown, Dec. 20th at 7.30, p. m.

All members of the W. C. T. U. are invited to meet Mrs. Burlingame at the small vestry on the afternoon of the 20th, at three o'clock, to plan for future work.

TIVERTON FOUR CORNERS.

OBITUARY.—The blank which deacon Almy's sudden decease has made causes deep and wide spread sense of loss, not only by his relatives and personal friends, but in the church of which he has been a deacon for many years and it might be said the majority, to him the church looked as a center of life, of funds, or to conduct the services in the church on the Sabbath in the absence of the pastor. He was eloquent in supplication and few men were more zealous to promote the extension of the gospel. His philanthropy was well known and shown in his every day life. Deacon Almy had a soul of fire for the Temperance cause and was uncompromising to anything showing lasciviousness in that direction. He was a great lover of Sabbath schools, and was very ready to render aid to other schools than his own, of which he was superintendent.

The disease from which Deacon Almy died was pneumonia. In the midst of intense suffering, he was patient and thoughtful for the comfort of those in attendance and showed through his conversation his kind and willing heart. He was to depart and he with his loved and loved Master whom he had loved and served so faithfully whilst in life. Deacon Almy died Saturday morning Dec. 10th, in the 55th year of his age and it might be said that even nature mingled her tears with the bereaved.

NOTES.—Amidst deep sorrow and regret the remains of the late Deacon Peleg Almy were laid to rest in Hillside Cemetery, Monday morning, December 12th. A large number of relatives and friends were assembled in the church to pay their last tribute of love and esteem. He was followed by his brother, Old Fellows, who performed their last rites over his grave. Prior to the death of Deacon Almy, he requested that the choir should sing at the funeral services, the two hymns, "Jesus lover of my soul" and "Asleep in Jesus blessed sleep" which were very touchingly rendered. The floral decorations were a handsome pillow formed of roses, callas, plinks, etc., bearing the inscription, "Electra No. 41, (the name of the Lodge to which he belonged) and bouquet of roses and callas. The pall bearers were Messrs. Deacon King, Deacon Humphreys, Joseph H. Humphreys and Captain Otis A. Gray. Funeral arrangements were in charge of Undertaker Macomber of Westport.

The comrades of the Electra Lodge, No. 41, wish to say that by the death of Deacon Peleg Almy, they have lost a good friend and brother, that next to his love for his church, was his love for "The Order."

Isaac G. White, of Punkatee Neck, is having his barn re-shingled.

Wm. Hector Bateman, of Providence, was in town last week.

Edward M. Dennis slaughtered two hogs of a year old, one weighing 514 pounds the other 516 pounds.

Charles Hambley, a well-known and respected citizen of Tiverton, died Thursday, December 8th, at the age of 87 years.

LITTLE COMPTON.

The intelligence of the death of Dr. Alfred W. Clarke has cast a gloom over many families in Little Compton. Dr. Clarke was born in Nottingham, England, July 23d, 1812, of parents well known for their intelligence and piety. Most of his relatives held high ecclesiastical positions in London and its environs. Only a few English relatives survive him, one of whom is Canon Gregory of St. Pauls Cathedral and of Lambeth. Dr. Clarke was a man singularly modest, retiring and warm hearted. His intelligence and knowledge, together with his courtesy and dignity of manners won for him many friends. He was a man of exemplary character, possessed of great conversational powers with an unfailing spring of wit and sparkling humor, making him a veritable sunshine in the most gloomy of days. Dr. Clarke leaves a wife, two sons and three daughters to mourn a irreparable loss.

Funeral services were held at his late residence, Tuesday morning, Dec. 8th, the Rev. W. D. Hart, conducting them. He eulogized the character of the deceased, basing his remarks from Psalm 37th verse, and spoke of his life of Christian trust, his completed life, his peaceful end ready for the great change into which we are all hastening. There were many sad hearts assembled to pay their last tribute of love and respect, and to mingle their tears with those of the bereaved family. The pall bearers were Messrs. Alexander and Charles Howland, Philip and Oliver Almy. The remains were laid to rest in the Wilbourn and Howland cemetery on the road leading to Seacomet Point. Funeral arrangements were in care of undertaker Macomber, of Westport.

Mrs. A. W. Clarke and daughter, Lizzie, left town Monday to spend the winter in Brooklyn.

THE NEWPORT JOURNAL

is published every Saturday, at 207 Thames street. The paper is compiled very carefully from the columns of the Daily News and contains a much larger variety and amount of local matter than could otherwise be well afforded. The Newport Journal is of great value to people away from Newport who are interested in its affairs. Price \$2.00 a year. Sample copy free.

T. T. PITMAN,

Publisher,

Newport, R. I.

PORTSMOUTH.

The regular monthly session of the Town Council and Court of Probate was held in the Town Hall on Monday, with full attendance, and the following business received attention:

AT A COURT OF PROBATE.—The last will and testament of Edward T. DeBlais, deceased, was approved and ordered recorded, and letters testamentary granted to Mary Ann DeBlais, she giving her personal bond in the sum of \$25,000 for the payment of debts and legacies of the deceased.

The report of the commissioners appointed to receive and examine the claims against the estate of Rachel Bond, deceased, was received and referred with an order of notice in the Newport Mercury.

The last will and testament of Frances Amelia Patterson, deceased, was proved, approved, and ordered recorded, and Rev. George Herbert Patterson and Juliet Clary Patterson named in said will as executors, were confirmed as such, and were not required to give bond, or to render an inventory of the personal estate of said deceased.

The second account of the will of William Carr, deceased, was allowed and ordered recorded.

The petition of Elijah B. Sherman, requesting that he be appointed administrator on the estate of his deceased wife, Deborah A. Sherman, was referred with an order of notice in the town.

Messrs. Joseph Coggeshall, Charles A. Chase and Nool Coggeshall were appointed commissioners to receive and examine claims against the estate of Sarah Gibbs, deceased, represented insolvent, and six months from this date are allowed creditors to bring in and prove their several claims.

Messrs. William M. Manchester, Geo. B. Coggeshall and Alexander G. Manchester were appointed commissioners to receive and examine claims against the estate of Carrie Harrington, deceased.

The account of Harriet A. Rogers, administratrix on the estate of Isaac M. Rogers, deceased, was allowed and ordered recorded.

AS TOX COUNCIL.—Upon the petition of Gomer A. Eastbrooks, he was granted license to keep a shooting gallery at his place of business, in the village of Newtown.

VOTEN.—That the southerly boundary of Highway District No. 2, be at the northerly corner of the yard, of St. Paul's Episcopal church; and the Surveyor of Highway Dist. No. 2, is hereby directed to make the necessary repairs on the southerly end of his district.

This town's proportion of the expense of repairing the Stone Bridge up to Nov. 10th, 1887, amounting to \$136.36, is ordered paid, providing this town's Bridge Commissioners approve the same.

Other bills against the town were ordered paid to wit: Abel C. Fish, fees as evidence in estate vs. William H. Fish, \$2.50; William H. Gardner, Surveyor of Highways in Dist. No. 3, for repairs on the road, \$130.00; Charles A. Chase, same in Dist. No. 2, \$3.40; Wm. F. Carr, same to Dec. 9, 1887, \$12; Overseers of the Poor, for temporary aid to Richmond W. Dennis, \$8; Alexander G. Barker, \$6; Mary Ann Hibbs, \$5; Henry Anthony Council fees, \$2.50.

New Advertisements.

MASONIC FAIR

At the solicitation of many friends the committee having charge of the

Masonic Fair,

have decided to continue the same during this

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

THOS. BURLINGHAM, Supt.

Holiday Goods!

My stock of CHRISTMAS GOODS is composed of a large assortment of

Toilet Sets, Manicure

Sets, and Nut Sets,

IN LUSH of the finest quality and latest shades.

Shaving Sets and Gents' Travelling Sets,

IN LEATHER.

HEAVY PLATE GLASS MIRRORS,

Just the thing for the Boudoir.

POTPOURRI,

For ROSE JARS, a combination of sweet scented flowers, producing an exquisite perfume.

Before purchasing call and inspect my stock of Christmas Goods.

C. M. COLE, 302 Thames St.

GRAND MASONIC FAIR

Will be open for Children this

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

FROM 2 to 6 o'clock.

ADMISSION 15c,

Admitting to all parts of the building.

THOS. BURLINGHAM, Supt.

Christmas & New Year's Gifts

CONSISTING OF

Cards, Books, Booklets, Portfolios, Pictures, Albums, Frames, Pocket Knives, Dressing Cases, Music Boxes, Collars and Cuffs, Jewellery, Goods in variety, Piano and Organ.

301 THAMES STREET.

A. B. CORBIN.

A. C. Landers' Column



MY

HEADQUARTERS

—AT—

A. C. Landers',

167 Thames Street.

Heap on more wood, the wind is chill

But let it whistle as it will

We'll keep our Christmas, never fear

The fittest time for festive cheer.

Then forth to the woods let the children go,

And gather plenty of the mistletoe.

Prepare for the day, one and all,

Dress every church, school and hall;

Sing praises to the One on high,

Let every heart rejoice and sing,

And round the world the chorus ring,

Then thousands of voices will soon raise

In their joyful songs of praise,

All singing to hail the happy morn

When the Saviour Christ was born.

Then listen to all the Christmas bells,

What a joy their music tells,

Gladden-day for every one,

All good deeds by all be done.

And in all our great joy and glow,

Preparing gifts for the Christmas tree,

Remember the poor in every section,

Smile gifts are in the right direction.

But what to buy from year to year

Is a problem that must now appear.

Who displays the most varied stock?

Where do the shrewdest buyers look?

What dealer stands without a peer?

And stand the test from year to year.

Offered the masses goods that's cheap

With all the new novelties, they yearly seek.

Don't "Landers" name first appear?

For all competitors, he has no fear.

For "No deceiver" is his motto true,

For you can find whatever you buy.

Such a wonderful collection he can supply,

Hence he stands alone in the field.

This fact cannot longer be concealed.

He does assert, and you'll find it true,

No Newport store presents such a view.

Dolls of every grade, the children's delight,

No admission is charged to view the curious sight.

Such a variety that's offered last supply

That all corners too, can buy with ease;

Dressed in every shade, that and hue,

With hats or bonnets and bustles too.

He has them in china, rubber and wax,

All with truly him, minus the flux;

The finest French dolls with a regular wig,

And hand knit dolls with a jaunty rig;

Regular rag dolls dressed in long frocks,

And the "theatrical" dolls have boots and socks.

Baby dolls with hair, Jay's that's nearly bald,

Others you must say should be shawled;

Yes, dolls I have in the dozen score,

Five months old, or less, or more;

Stockings and boots and little French gaiters,

Darkey dolls dressed as maids and waiters;

Dolls tottles to be kept complete,

Puffs, fans, necklaces that are very neat

Building blocks in both walnut and ash

You can build a castle with little cash,

Japanese tea pots, and fancy rose jars,

'Tis locomotives with tenders and cars,

All shades of plain and twisted candles,

Fancy night lamps with polished brass handles

Ladies bags purses, and alligator books,

Little fan ranges that truly look,

A regular hand engine made at the mill,

Gord reminder of the old "button" tub,

Portfolios, tablets, and pearl eard cases

Toilet sets, figures and bronz ware

Military pen pins all dressed for a parade

Little bath tubs for the dollies to wade,

The base ball bats just suits every lad

The pique you'll find is no way,

And the picnication bank has a dancing figure

Strange to say it is a jolly nigger,

Heller's cabinets of conjuring tricks,

Another new bank with a cow that kicks,

Horizontal engines that works by steam,

The latest novel in dolls sewing machine

Skin covered horses in drays and carts

Air guns that shoots slugs and darts,

Tool chests adapted for a carpenter's bench

And ten little niggers all on the fence

Toy watches and little marble clocks

Checkers, cards, dice and chips

Hobby horses, reels variety of whips,

American fort balls and the regular rugly

Long legged dude that says, oh please lug me

Woolley sheep, fur rabbits and cats

Carved wood licks and letter racks

All sizes of drums with solid brass body

Buffalo bill guns every boys hobby,

Swords, guns, epaulettes and officer caps

Portfolios desks and tablets for lads

Cornets, french horns and other musical toys,

Velocipedes tricycles for the older boys,

United States map dissected in states

Steam engines, locomotives or their mates,

I have all the standard and latest games

But for want of space I omit their names,

But I can assure them up by the score.

The exact number I'm not quite sure,

Now I must pass all these novelties by

And mention our pet sensation that takes

every eye.

Young "bruno block" the educated hear

One that is trained with the greatest care,

As he turns his head from side to side

And opens his mouth just as wide,

You'd think he was about to sneeze

But in fact he's only trying to please,

Before he gets his hands into peace

To beat the drum with ease and grace

He beats the drum like a veteran drummer

The boys all say he's a perfect stunner.

All the children come from far and near

Each one will say, oh how queer

To see the bear beat the drum

And really glad, that I come

And Santa Claus is quite as high

But for want of space I omit their names,

To remind you as he has done before

That you have arrived at "Landers" store.

167 THAMES STREET,

A. C. LANDERS.

New Advertisements.

State of Rhode Island

—AND—

PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I. CITY OF NEWPORT.

WILLIAMS, Thomas T. Carr, elected on the 15th day of April, 1887, Fifth Representative from the City of Newport to the General Assembly of this State, has, between his election and the expiration of his term, deceased, and an election to fill the vacancy thereby occasioned is required to be called forthwith by law.

Wherefore, the qualified electors of this city entitled to vote for General Officers are hereby notified and warned to assemble in Ward Meetings at the Ward Rooms in their respective wards on Saturday, the 24th day of December, 1887, at half past six o'clock in the morning and to give in their votes for one elector of this city to be Fifth Representative to the General Assembly of this State to fill a vacancy.

Said places for holding said Ward Meetings are as follows:

IN THE FIRST WARD, at the Ward Room, Bridge Street.

IN THE SECOND WARD, at the Ward Room, Equality Park Place.

IN THE THIRD WARD, at the Ward Room, Mill Street.

IN THE FOURTH WARD, at the Ward Room, Prospect Hill Street.

IN THE FIFTH WARD, at the Ward Room, Young Street.

Said Ward Meetings, according to law, will be kept open from half past six o'clock in the morning until half past six o'clock in the evening, and no longer.

Witness my hand, this 16th day of December, A. D. 1887.

WILLIAM G. STEVENS, City Clerk.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having bills or accounts against the city are requested to present them to the City Clerk for settlement, on or before Thursday, December 22nd inst. WILLIAM G. STEVENS, City Clerk.

MASONIC FAIR.

NOTICE.

Persons having bills against the Masonic Fair Committee are requested to send them to the Superintendent on or before MONDAY, December 19th.

THOS. BURLINGHAM, Supt.

Assignee's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that William J. O. Young has this day made to the undersigned a general assignment for the equal benefit of all his creditors,